

The Register

Volume XXVIII

No. 10



Boston Latin School
June, 1909

Advertisements

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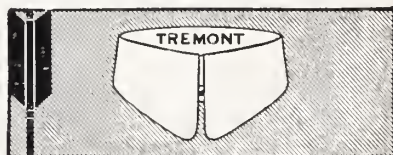
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THE REGISTER STAFF, 1908-1909.

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THE PRODIGAL SON.

It was the day of the great Cumberland Stakes. All Kentucky seemed to have poured into the city of Cumberland during the past three days. Silver-haired Kentucky "colonels" proudly relating the tales of past races in days "befo' the wah" to any willing listener; easy-going, almost staid looking Southern planters; young-bloods ready to wager their year's savings, if need be, on the one horse which each felt *must* win; politicians from the North; rich land owners from Knoxville across the river, men from Missouri to be sure, but nevertheless well-posted in horse lore; and last but not least wives, mothers, and sweethearts, the pride of every Kentucky gentleman; all these and many more were represented in that motley throng of gay holiday-seekers. And all roads,—at least in Hickman county,—seemed to lead to the great Cumberland Race Course, a short two miles outside the little city of Cumberland, Kentucky.

John Devereaux stood alone on the outskirts of that happy, light-hearted stream of people that was continually emptying after devious turnings and windings into the immense fenced enclosure, like a sluggish river which, swelled more and more by numberless tribulations, flows inevitably into the sea. Devereaux had been a well-known figure in Cumberland for not a few years, indeed many men outside of

Hickman County, and even Kentucky, knew that tall rangy form now bent, though ever so little, with the burden of years, and the blue-eyed, honest countenance, at a glance. For Devereaux was the owner of Santo—Santo the chestnut mare who would "bring home" the victory for fair Kentucky, no matter how select and speedy the "field" might be. Santo was from thoroughbred stock,—was a whirlwind on her feet, and besides, Jake Drew would ride her. The odds were two or one with Santo easily the favorite. But John Devereaux was not happy. The old man's life had not been a smooth one. His wife had died before the war when still a young woman. John Devereaux's only child, a son, grew up without the fostering care of a mother. Perhaps he inherited some of his father's quick temper and impulsiveness to begin with. At any rate as years went by the breach between father and son widened. One fine day young Perry Devereaux left what he had always known as his home with scarcely a word of farewell. That was fifteen years ago. John Devereaux's life had been blighted. His wayward son had illy requited any early parental indulgence. The old Kentucky gentleman, now alone in the world, had desperately turned his mind to horses. They, so often the friend of man, became his only solace. But John Devereaux lost much money at inter-

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vals, particularly during the earliest attempts at his new avocation, for while other men might have turned to drink or even crime that they might forget their griefs, Devereaux plunged recklessly into the excitement of the track. So years had passed. Men pointed to John Devereaux sometimes in awe. The man seemed to have no particular craze for gold. The chances he took were wild, desperate. There seemed to be only that one craze for excitement. But no man, with possibly one exception, knew what drove John Devereaux to venture upon such risks, and that man might long since be dead, or forgetful of home in some distant land. On the whole during that long period of years he had been moderately successful, but gradually money and horses began to fail. The man observed the daily trend of affairs towards inevitable and ultimate ruin but that keen-sighted and marvelous intellect and the ambition which in a younger man might have saved him, seemed now to have no part in John Devereaux. Alone in the world, his son absolutely forgotten,—at least so it seemed to the world—his house and once fertile, cultivated acres heavily steeped in mortgage, the old Kentucky gentleman seemed to look now only to Santo, the chestnut mare, for aid. And on that horse alone depended the man's future. If Santo won, as she had never failed to do as yet, John Devereaux might still look the world in the face and might still have a place to call his home, but if the chestnut failed—John Devereaux sighed. "If Santo fails me," he murmured softly, "well, she too must pass under the hammer with the rest,—and out of my life forever." The saddened old man looked wistfully at

the passing throng. Not one man in those thousands he assured himself had as little to live for as he, although there was not one but envied him the ownership of the day's favorite. He turned at last toward the paddock, was jostled and crammed amid the good-natured crowd that thronged continually through the great entrance gate to the track, and in ten minutes was leaning affectionately over the feed box of the chestnut mare Santo. With shaking hand he stroked the sleek shoulders of the horse. "You've simply *got* to win for me today my little girl," he said in a hoarse voice, while the horse responded to his caresses with an answering neigh of joy. John Devereaux knew that in all his years at the track he had never cared to win so much as now. A strange, vague feeling of perturbation seemed to have come over him. As the hour for the great race approached that anxiety and uneasiness long since so strange to him grew stronger.

In the long covered passage between the paddock and the grandstand he met Jake Drew. The boy was in fine spirits, already dressed for the race in the silken blouse of pure purple—and with his short whip hung loosely to his wrist. On seeing Devereaux he ran forward eagerly, his hand stretched forth in greeting. "You've got to win today Jake if you never do again," the old man said, huskily. The boy looked up surprised, his own eyes full only of hope. Then at sight of the anxious gaze of the older man he said, earnestly, "I've placed everything I own on your horse, Santo. She's the best on the track today and if I don't bring her under the wire first and far ahead of the others, then Jake Drew has ridden his last

mount." The old man and boy shook hands. "You're a good boy," said the Kentuckian softly; "you're the right sort."

Promptly at three, the hour set for the "Cumberland Sweepstake," John Devereaux found himself leaning expectantly forward in the very front row of the immense grandstand, directly opposite the start and finish line of the great oval course of four furlongs. Below the grandstand and around the entire track was packed an immense concourse of people, like one vast undulating plain with here and there a towering tally-ho of people rising like a low foothill on the prairie.

A reverberating cheer rose as the gayly clad jockeys, leading their mounts, made their appearance upon the track. It was easy to pick the favorites by the shouts of the crowd as each horse made its appearance. First appeared Blue Moon, the entry of Major Guild, close behind him Indian Girl, McNeil's horse, then Thacher's Potomac. Last of all came the grinning Jake leading Santo and at sight of the purple silk and well-known little form of the chestnut mare the crowd went wild. John Devereaux in the grandstand smiled happily. It was Santo, his Santo, that they were cheering.

Almost ten minutes elapsed before the "field" could be sent off in a fair start. There had been a nervous rearing of the more excitable horses at the sound of the band, then a false start, and then still more confusion. But at last all eight horses were lined up at the start. Blue Moon on the inside, Santo next and beside her a black, known as "Prodigal son," with the others stretched out across the track. There came the sharp

report of the pistol, a great shout from the spectators along the entire course, a cloud of dust, and they were off, well bunched at the start with Blue Moon a short half length in the lead. To run the necessary distance, one mile, the horses must pass twice around the oval track, the finish line before the grandstand serving also as half-way post.

It had been a good start. The horses now close to the quarter were still bunched, Blue Moon having increased his lead a scant yard with Santo and Indian Girl close at his flanks. On they swept around the track. There was a cloud of dust, the shrill sound of the jockeys' voices, a beating of hoofs, and they dashed past the grandstand, one half the race over, Blue Moon in the lead with Santo at his heels, Thacher's Potomac third, Indian Girl fourth, and the strange black mare leading the second bunch of four.

John Devereaux found himself breathing with difficulty, his eyes ached with the strain, and he gave a nervous little cough. "On Santo, on!" he muttered, brokenly to himself, "Show the way now Jackie boy, show them the way." But Blue Moon seemed perfectly able to stand the strain; not an inch did Santo gain as Jake Drew frantically endeavored to set a more killing pace. Then just after the "three-quarters" was left behind something happened.

Blue Moon, still in the lead, swerved ever so lightly to one side. Possibly young Mitchell, his driver, pulled the left rein a bit too excitedly in the vain try to take the pole at the turn and pocket Santo. Jake Drew and his chestnut mount hugging the rail closely, attempted to stave off the trick that meant sure defeat now on the home stretch.

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All in vain. The flying hoofs of the two horses met; Blue Moon reared, stumbled, and fell to his knees; Santo too close behind to attempt the leap crashed down upon the fallen leader. Potomac at the moment a close third swerved from the struggling chaos of ruin, escaped unscathed by the minutest margin and swept on, closely followed by Indian Girl and another sorrel mare. The gallant black ridden by the jockey in yellow silk cleared a prostrate form in blue by a beautiful leap and drew up on the leaders. A second more and the other three horses still left in the struggle had likewise passed in safety.

In the grandstand and along the track all was confusion. "The favorites are down," men were crying out, hoarsely. John Devereaux sat stiff and rigid in the grandstand, his eyes closed for one brief moment to shut out the terrible spectacle. His head swam and a strange lump suddenly risen in his throat well nigh choked him. But men around could see no terrible signs of emotion from the brave old man. He sat there rigidly, his eyes now glued on the track and his handsome head held as high as ever. A man, hatless, his eyes blazing in excitement and anguish brushed swiftly past him and down to the very edge of the track. "It's Major Guild, owner of the horse that's down," commented a man behind Devereaux, rather loudly.

On the track near the three-quarters' post all was quiet now. Silent men with willing hands were carrying the two unconscious jockeys to the clubhouse. Blue Moon lay quietly enough now, his sides splattered with foam, dyed a deep red in spots. The gallant horse

had passed to the great beyond; he would never race again.

Rapidly nearing the finish were the five remaining horses, Santo careering riderless around the track far in the rear. Potomac was in the lead now, with Indian Girl at his saddle. Some few yards behind came the other three still led by the black. The crowd for the moment stunned by the unfortunate catastrophe at the three-quarters had now redoubled its enthusiasm. There were excited cheers for Potomac and for Indian Girl and even the jockey wearing the yellow was urged to make his black mount force the terrific pace at the finish. And the unexpected really happened as it often does. The black horse now plentifully dotted and streaked with white flecks of froth from his own quivering mouth gradually opened his lead on the three horses behind, and closed in upon the leaders. Inch by inch he crept up on Indian Girl, reached her flanks, ran neck and neck with her for a few yards and was second when the white mare weakened in the pace.

The white finish line was plainly evident to the straining jockeys now, only some fifty yards more, and the crowd cheering like mad. With the favorites both down, and out of the race for good all eyes were on the black whose gallant showing had gained the admiration of all. Prodigal Son, scarcely noted before the race was now on everyone's lips, and even John Devereaux rose in his seat and cheered madly, completely lost in the excitement of the moment.

Forty yards yet and the black even with Potomac's saddle, twenty more and the flecks of foam from his dripping bit were flying back on the straining neck of the chestnut mare. A dozen strides

from the finish they were running at a terrific pace neck to neck until it seemed that flesh and blood must break down under the strain. And Potomac, close to the leaders all the way until the accident and then first on the home stretch in that terrific pace had no more strength to give. The black on the other hand had only begun his sprint, in those last yards had come his supreme effort to pass the fast-tiring chestnut mare. They were within two yards of the wire, two strides, a stride,—and the gallant black, the unknown Prodigal Son, had won the race and purse.

Ten minutes later John Devereaux stood in the paddock sadly caressing the unfortunate Santo. His eyes blurred for one brief moment as he thought how one short hour before he had stood on the same spot before Santo's stall and chokingly asked the mare to win this day. With a sigh he looked down the long rows of stalls to where a tall handsome stranger, the owner of Prodigal Son, the victorious black, stood quietly talking to a group of eager listeners. He saw the stranger glance his way, speak sharply to one of the stable hands, hesitate as if in some doubt and then start down the dimly lighted passage towards him. John Devereaux watched the man as he drew near. Tall, straight, well-built, with dark hair and brown eyes he was a man even Kentucky might well be proud of, thought the old Kentuckian.

Smiling pleasantly but with rather an anxious tone in his voice, strangely enough, the owner of Prodigal Son held out his hand and said slowly: "They tell me that you are John Devereaux Santo's owner. Is it so?"

"I am," said Devereaux, simply, advancing.

"You had a boy Perry who left home a worthless spendthrift over fifteen years ago?" went on the stranger, half questioning.

"I did," said Devereaux in a low voice. "Is he dead? Have you any message for me, his father?"

"I have known your boy well for many years," went on the man. "I have known him ever since he came North. From the very first he yearned to return to Kentucky. Only shame kept him away. 'I must make good,' he said over and over again. 'If I ever go back it must be as a man, as a true gentleman of Kentucky.'"

"Then he will come back at last," murmured the old man in a voice that was half appeal. "I have always hoped for this."

"Aye, he will come back very soon," said the man softly.

"And you?" replied John Devereaux.

The man bowed his head. "I am that son," he said almost in a whisper. Then raising his eyes to those of his father, "can you forgive?"

The old Kentuckian smiled happily. "The Prodigal Son wins once again this day," he said. R. G. W., '10.



FRIENDSHIP'S PATHWAYS.

(PRIZE POEM, JUNE, 1909.)

Through my heart wind many pathways;
Some are old and some are new;
But they all lead to a tavern,
Mem'ry is its name, where few
Dear ones linger, always calling,
Calling to me in my sleep.
Transients there are many also,
And the new paths with them creep;
For each pilgrim, toiling upward,
Cuts his own long, weary way.
Each path differs from the others,
None alike, that I can say.
Some are deep and always dusty
From the everlasting wear;
Some are narrow, faint, and grassy,
Showing that the traveler there
Was a transient, merely passing
To the tavern, to return
By the same path that he entered.
Then the path seems cold and stern,
For that pilgrim, may be, never'll
Trace his faint path evermore.
But if, after many summers,
When the months and years galore
Have erased his way to Mem'ry,
He should wander to Heart's Gate,
All his path would open to him,
(Would he bless or curse his fate?)

So that if he would or wouldn't
He must climb the same old trail,
With its end at Mem'ry Tavern,
Where each pilgrim tells his tale.
There he may take up his dwelling—
Or, again may go away
—Making his path like the others,
Always clear and bright to stay.
Sometimes old paths are deserted,
But are never lost to view,
For the years they were in making
Overtop the coming few.
Sometimes dwellers at the tavern
Tire of the frugal fare,
And they leave their paths all dreary
Which were bright when they were
there.
Oft the fickle tavern-keeper
Turns the pilgrims from his door;
But for this he's always sorry;
Wishes that he'd thought before
He had, without cause or reason,
Hurt his name and hurt his trade.
But there's One who takes the pilgrims
From these paths that they have made,
To the Everlasting Tavern,
Where their paths will never fade.

HYDE BUXTON MERRICK.

CLASS RECORD.

ROBERT MICHAEL AHERN entered the sixth class from the Lowell School. In 1904 he won a classical and an approbation prize, and in 1905 a classical prize. He was captain of Company E, and a member of the Class Day committee. He played "back" on the basket-ball team in 1909.

ARNOLD NOBLE ALLEN entered the

out-of-course class from the Longfellow School. He won a fidelity prize in 1906.

WILLIAM BIGELOW APPLETON entered the sixth class from the Prince School. He won a classical prize in 1906. He was a lieutenant in Company F, which won second junior prize, and he thereby became captain.

HAMILTON VAUGHAN BAIL entered

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the out-of-course class from the Edward Everett School. In 1906, 1907, and 1908 he won modern prizes. He was quartermaster of the second regiment, B. S. C., and chairman of the prize drill committee. He was associate editor of the REGISTER in 1908 and business manager in 1909.

THOMAS JAMES BRENNAN entered the out-of-course class from the Leo XIII. School. He won a fidelity prize in 1909 and was a member of the Class Day committee.

JOHN BERNARD CASEY entered the out-of-course class from Saint Joseph's Parochial School, Roxbury.

THOMAS COGGESHALL entered the out-Allston School. He won a fidelity prize in 1907.

THOMAS RICHARD COLLINS entered the out-of-course class from the Horace Mann School.

JOHN JOSEPH CONNELLY, JR. entered the out-of-course class from the Lincoln School. He won a classical and an approbation prize in 1906, and a fidelity prize in 1908.

THOMAS JOHN CONNOR entered the out-of-course class from the Bunker Hill School. He was a member of the track team in 1908 and 1909, being captain in 1909.

JAMES CHRISTOPHER CORLISS entered the out-of-course class from the Minot School. He won a modern prize in 1906 and was captain of Company K.

JOSEPH KIRLEY COUNTIE entered the out-of-course class from the Dudley School. He was a member of the track team in 1909.

HENRY HITT CRANE entered the out-of-course class from the Chapman School. He won a special prize in dec-

lamation in 1907, and the first prize in declamation and the second prize in reading in 1908. In 1906, 1907 and 1908 he won second prizes in drumming. He was the president of the Class of 1909. He played "forward" on the basket-ball team in 1907, 1908 and 1909, and was a member of the tennis team in 1906, 1907, 1908 and 1909, being captain in 1908 and 1909. He held the tennis championship in 1908 and 1909. He was manager of the track team in 1909.

THOMAS NEILL CREED entered the out-of-course class from the Bigelow School.

DANIEL JOSEPH CROWLEY entered the out-of-course class from the Frothingham School. In 1908 he was a lieutenant in Company B, which won first senior prize, and thus he became regimental adjutant. He was a member of the Class Day Committee, and a member of the base-ball team in 1909.

JOHN AUGUSTINE DELVIN, JR. entered the out-of-course class from the Bennett School. He was a member of the B. L. S. dance committee, and a member of the tennis team in 1909.

RAYMOND OGLE ELCOCK entered the out-of-course class from the William E. Russell School. He was captain of Company C and a member of the foot-ball team in 1908.

THOMAS JOHN FITZGERALD entered the sixth class from the Thomas N. Hart School. In 1908 he was a lieutenant in Company B, which won first senior prize, and as a result he became captain. In 1909 he was captain of Company B again, which won second senior prize, and thereby he became lieutenant-colonel. He was a member of the class dance committee. He played third base on the base-ball team in 1907; and in 1908 and 1909, left field. He was quarterback on the foot-

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ball team in 1907. He wrote the words of the class song.

THOMAS EDWARD FITZPATRICK entered the out-of-course class from the Blackington School. He won a fidelity prize in 1906.

GOODWIN LEBARON FOSTER entered the out-of-course class from the Sharon Grammar School. He was a member of the tennis team in 1908 and 1909.

JAMES PAUL FOSTER entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips School. He won a fidelity prize in 1903. He was drum-major in 1907-1908.

WILLIAM HAROLD FOSTER entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips School. He was drum-major in 1908-1909 and a member of the Class Day committee.

JAMES EDWARD GALLIVAN entered the out-of-course class from the Bigelow School. He won a modern prize in 1907.

THEODORE EDMUND GAVIN entered the out-of-course class from the Bigelow School. He was a lieutenant in Company D.

GEORGE HUSSEY GIFFORD entered the out-of-course class from the Chapman School. In 1906, 1907 and 1908 he won classical and approbation prizes. In 1909 he won a classical prize and the Derby Medal for an essay in Latin on the subject, "De Re Romanorum Militari," or "The Art of War as Practiced by the Romans." He was associate editor of *THE REGISTER* in 1908 and editor-in-chief in 1909.

ANDREW DOHERTY GUTHRIE entered the sixth class from the Hugh O'Brien School.

ARTHUR WARREN HANSON entered the out-of-course class from the Rice School.

He won a fidelity prize in 1909. He was lieutenant in Company F., which won second junior prize, and thereby he became battalion adjutant.

ALBERT FRANCIS HENNESSEY entered the out-of-course class from the William E. Russell School. He was a lieutenant in Company A., which won first senior prize, and thus he became regimental adjutant. He was a member of the B. L. S. and class dance committees and was a member of the baseball team in 1909.

RUDOLPH FRANCIS HOLUB entered the out-of-course class from the Bigelow School. He won a classical prize in 1905.

JAMES AUGUSTINE HURLEY entered the out-of-course class from the Warren School. He was chairman of the Class Day committee.

ARTHUR WALLACE JOHNSON entered the out-of-course class from the Thomas N. Hart School. He won a fidelity prize in 1906.

HIRAM SANFORD JOHNSON entered the out-of-course class from the Dwight School. He was a lieutenant in Company G., which won first junior prize, and as a result he became battalion adjutant.

JOHN JOSEPH KIRBY entered the out-of-course class from the Lawrence School. He won a fidelity prize in 1906.

JOHN LEVY entered the out-of-course class from the Martin School. He won a modern prize in 1909. He was a lieutenant in Company E.

ANDREW RUSSEL McCORMICK entered the out-of-course class from the Dudley School. He won a fidelity prize in 1907.

JAMES JOSEPH MCGINLEY entered the sixth class from the Lincoln School. He was a member of the Glee Club in 1907 and 1908. In 1909 he won the first prize in reading, the prize for translation from Latin into English and the Gardner Prize for an essay on the subject, "The Latin

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Grammar School of Boston, England." He was an editor of *THE REGISTER*.

HAROLD THOMAS MCKENNA entered the out-of-course class from the Lewis School. He won a classical prize in 1907. He was a member of the football team in 1906, 1907, and 1908, and of the baseball team in 1907, 1908, and 1909, being captain in 1909. He was also a member of the track team in 1907, 1908, 1909.

JOHN ALOYSIUS MCKENNA entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips School. He was a lieutenant in Company E. and in 1906 won the first individual prize in drill. He was a member of the prize drill committee and the member of the Athletic Advisory Committee from the First Class. He played "right forward" on the basketball team and shortstop on the baseball team in 1909.

HYDE BUXTON MERRICK entered the out-of-course class from the Washington Allston School. In 1905 he won a fidelity prize and in 1909 won the prize for an English poem. He was a lieutenant in Company I. and a member of the prize drill committee. He was an editor of *THE REGISTER*.

FREDERICK ARNOLD MERRILL entered the sixth class from the Edward Everett School. He was a lieutenant in Company B. in 1908. He was a member of the track team in 1909.

JOSEPH FLORANCE MOLONEY entered the sixth class from the Lincoln School. In 1908 he won a medal as first sergeant in the first senior prize company. He was the member of the Athletic Advisory Committee from the Second Class in

1908. He was a member of the football team in 1906 and 1907 and manager of the basketball team in 1909. He made the cover design for the class of 1909.

EDWARD FRANCIS MURRAY entered the out-of-course class from the Edward Everett School. He was captain of Company A., which won first senior prize, and thereby he became colonel of the 2nd regiment. He was a member of the B. L. S. and class dance committees. He played centre field on the baseball team in 1909 and was a member of the tennis team of 1908-09.

ALBERT TAYLOR NESMITH entered the out-of-course class from the Bennett School. He won an approbation prize in 1906 and a modern prize in 1907 and 1909.

HARVARD NORTON entered the sixth class from the Robert Gould Shaw School. He won an approbation prize in 1904, a modern and a special declamation prize in 1905, another special declamation prize in 1906, a fidelity prize in 1907, and a third prize in declamation in 1909.

MAURICE JOSEPH O'BRIEN entered the out-of-course class from the Hugh O'Brien School.

OSCAR RODERICK O'GORMAN entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips Brooks School. He was a member of the Class Day committee, was Class Prophet, and wrote music of the Class Day Song.

JOHN AUGUSTINE O'SHEA, JR., entered the out-of-course class from the Chapman School. He won a fidelity prize in 1906. In 1908 he won a medal as first sergeant in the second junior

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prize company. He was captain of Company H. and manager of the baseball team in 1909.

FERDINAND HARRIEMAN PENDLETON, JR., entered the out-of-course class from the Chapman School. He was a lieutenant in Company D.

GEORGE HAROLD POLLEY entered the out-of-course class from the Chapman School. He was a lieutenant in Company C. and a member of the track team in 1907, 1908, and 1909.

ELI CHARLES ROMBERG entered the sixth class from the Phillips School. He won a fidelity prize in 1906. He was captain of Company F., which won second junior prize, and thereby he became major. He was assistant business manager of THE REGISTER.

HAROLD JOSEPH ROSATTO entered the out-of-course class from the Warren School. He won a classical prize in 1907 and 1908. He was Class Poet.

LEWIS EDWARD SHAW entered the out-of-course class from the Gardner School. In 1908 he was a lieutenant in Company I., which won second junior prize. In 1909 he was captain of Company G. which won first senior prize, and he thereby became major. He was secretary of the Class of 1909 and a member of the class dance committee. He played "back" on the basketball team in 1909.

GROVER JOHN SHOHOLM entered the sixth class from the Rice School. He won a fidelity prize in 1908. He was a lieutenant in Company H.

MARK SHORE entered the sixth class from the Phillips School.

CARL AUGUST SHUTE entered the out-of-course class from the Roger Wolcott School. In 1908 he was a lieutenant in Company I., which won second junior prize; in 1909 he was a lieutenant in Company G., which won first junior prize, and he thereby became captain. He was a member of the B. L. S. dance committee.

COLEMAN SILBERT entered the out-of-course class from the Eliot School. In 1906 he won a modern and an approbation prize, in 1907 a classical and an approbation prize, in 1908 a modern prize, and in 1909 a classical prize. He was captain of Company I.

RAYMOND SAMUEL SIMMONS entered the out-of-course class from the Thomas N. Hart School. He was captain of Company D. He was a member of the B. L. S. dance committee in 1908, and chairman in 1909, and a member of the class dance committee. He played full-backs on the football team in 1906 and 1907 and back on the basketball team in 1909.

GEORGE HENRY SULLIVAN entered the out-of-course class from the Lincoln School.

JOHN ALOYSIUS SULLIVAN entered the out-of-course class from the Mary Hem-enway School. He was chairman of the class dance committee. He played short-stop on the baseball team in 1907, 1908, and 1909, and was a member of the basketball team in 1906, 1907, 1908, and 1909, being captain of the championship team in 1908.

HENRY ALEXANDER SUTHERLAND entered the sixth class from the Hugh O'Brien School.

EDGAR CONNOR TOOLE entered the out-of-course class from the Agassiz School.

CHESTER ADRIAN VANDER PYL entered the regular fourth class from the Roxbury Latin School. He won second prize in bugling in 1908. He was a member of the track team in 1907, 1908, and 1909. He was assistant manager of the football team in 1907, and manager in 1908.

ISADORE ALFRED WYNER entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips School. He won a classical prize in 1906, and in 1909 the first prize in declamation. Since he spoke an original piece he also won a Derby medal. He was the Class Orator.

SAMUEL NEWTON WYNER entered the out-of-course class from the Phillips School. He won an approbation prize in 1906 and a classical prize in 1907.

THE LATIN GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF BOSTON, ENGLAND.

(GARDNER PRIZE ESSAY, JUNE, 1909.)

The Latin Grammar School of Boston, England, is of immemorial antiquity. The first mention we have of it is in 1329, when the Dean and Chapter of Lincoln appointed the master of the Boston Grammar School, "in the vacancy of the chancellorship." The meaning of this requires explanation.

In early England, education was a matter of ecclesiastical concern. The church official who was specifically charged with the care of education, was the chancellor. Therefore, in the absence of a chancellor the chapter took upon itself to appoint a school-master. How long the school had been in existence before this is unknown.

This school was probably the one mentioned in "Pope Julius' pardon," as obtained by Thomas Cromwell in 1510.

At that time, the school was supported by the Guilds of Corpus Christi, St. Mary and St. Peter and St. Paul. The building was then situated at the south end of Wormgate. The property of these guilds was confiscated, however, at the

time of the Reformation, and the school was temporarily suspended.

The main part of the present structure was erected in 1567, as a consequence of the grant of the property of the guilds to the corporation, by Philip and Mary, on the seventeenth of January, 1554. The building cost 195 l. 0 s. 11 d. It has an endowment of 460 l. a year. It is built of red brick on a stone foundation, with window-frames and mullions of stone, and dressings of stone at the angles. The east and west sides are each lighted by five windows of three lights each. The middle window of the west side is inserted under an embattled parapet, in a bay that is furnished with side windows, also.

The porch and class rooms at the north and south ends of the main building are modern, and were added in 1856 and 1866. The physical and chemical laboratories were finished in 1904. Over the door of the porch is the inscription:—

Hanc Scholam, primi et secundi Philippi et Mariae charta dotatam, anno aut-

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em Eliabethae nono conditam, Burgenses, quibus in tutelam venerant agri in pios usus Bostoniae dicati, Hoc Vestibulo augendam et intus denuo instruendam curaverunt.

A.D. MDCCCL.

Georgio Edvino Pattenden, A. M., Archididasculo.

Johannes Rawson, Maior.
Johannes Caister.
Thomas Smith.
Carolus Wright.
Jacobus Reynolds.
Johannes Noble.
Johannes Hobson.
Johannes H. Thomas.
Thomas Small.
Richardus H. Dawson.
Samuel Veall.
Simpson G. Pape.

The following inscription is over the door of the school-room:—

A. 1567—Reginae Elizabethae nono, Maior et Burgenses Bostoniae, uno et eodem consensu puerorum institutionis gratia in piis litteris hanc aedificaverunt Scolam Gulielmo Ganocke stapulae mercatore et tunc Maior existenti.

The wainscotted school-room measures some sixty-eight, by twenty-three feet. It has a fine old open timber roof, and is supplied with modern appliances for lighting and heating. There is a stained glass window near the top of the north wall representing the great Lord Burleigh, Shakspeare, Queen Elizabeth, Lord Bacon and Sir Francis Drake. The glass of this window, as also of the colored windows that look on the east, is modern. The blazonings on the latter are given as the respective family cognizances of various past trustees of the school. The glass in the southern windows, though inserted at the same time as that in the other windows, is a restoration of arms

formerly emblazoned in one or another of them, but removed at some subsequent time. At one end of the room is a screen of oak and glass, which serves to separate the Head-master's class-room from the main apartment; while at the other end, a door leads into the second class-room. In the bay window, spoken of before, the Head-mastr's desk is situated.

Up to the end of the seventeenth century, the open space fronting the school was surrounded by shops, and was known as the Mart Yard, markets and fairs being held there. But, in consequence of the improvement of the market place, these shops were demolished, and the Mart Yard was surrounded by a wall. In 1851, the beautiful iron-work gateway, a splendid specimen of seventeenth century Flemish work, was set up. This originally formed part of the screen in the Parish Church, and divided the extreme western part of the nave from the part that was furnished with pews. It represents the arms of the borough. The Head-master's residence, built in 1827, at a cost of 2007 l. 12 s., stands on the site of the gate-house of the old mart-yard.

The old Guild Hall, once used as a Town Hall, also, belongs to the school. This building ought to be of great interest to Americans; for in it were imprisoned many of the Pilgrim Fathers. The old structure is fast falling into ruin; it is let by the school for 30 l. a year to a dealer in second-hand furniture, the whole place being in consequence squalid and dirty. One room in it is retained by the school for manual instruction. There is a movement on foot, now, to restore the Guild Hall, and to use it as a museum and art gallery.

The requirements for admission to the school are somewhat similar to those of our own schools. Boys are admitted to the school from the age of nine, and may remain until the end of the term in which they reach nineteen. Special permission is required to stay longer. No boy over twelve is admitted without a certificate of good conduct from his former master or tutor, and boys over sixteen are only admitted under exceptional circumstances. No boy can attend without the special permission of the governing body, unless he is living with his parents, legal guardian, or a near relation. Entrance examinations are required of all, and are graded according to age. This is done that a boy can take his proper place in the school. The school, at present, has an average attendance of ninety-nine boys.

The school year is divided into three terms of about thirteen weeks, each: the January term, from the twentieth of January to April eighteenth; the Midsummer term, from May twelfth to July thirty-first; and the Christmas term from September twentieth to December twenty-second.

The school hours are from nine o'clock to half-past twelve (with a recess at half-past ten), and from half-past two to four. Wednesday and Saturday afternoons are half-holidays.

The subjects of instruction correspond very well to those taught in the public schools here. They include Latin, Greek (or German), French, Mathematics, Drawing, Carpentry and Vocal Music. Special attention is given to the modern languages, particularly to conversational French. All boys in the school, except those in the lowest grade, receive instruction in Science (practical and theoret-

ical). Physical and military drill is part of the regular curriculum for the whole school. The upper classes are instructed in Rifle-shooting, and in Carpentry. Shorthand and Book-keeping are taught in evening classes. The Bible forms a large part of the English instruction in the school. Private tuition can be had by special arrangements with the Head-master.

Boys who are sufficiently advanced, are sent in for the Senior and Junior Oxford Local Examinations, and for the University Matriculation and College Open Scholarship Examinations.

One regulation of the school, quite different from any we have here, is that a certificate of health must be signed by the parent or guardian of every boy before he enters or returns to school. This certificate must be handed to the Head-master on the first day of the term. Another peculiar regulation is that every boy must wear the school cap, a cap resembling very much our skull-cap.

The school was founded for the benefit of the sons of freemen of Boston, and used to be a free school. Now, however, a capitation fee of 2 l. a term is charged. Then there is a fee of 2 s. 6 d. for drawing, and 1 s. for the Games' Fund. These are necessary expenses. If a boy wishes to take up shorthand and book-keeping, he can do so at an evening class for the additional sum of 4 s. a term.

The principal school ceremony of the year is the Annual Speech Day, which occurs during the latter part of July. On this day, "speeches," consisting of selections from the works of famous English dramatists—with portions of a Greek and of a French play,—are given by the elder boys; and the prizes for the year are distributed often by the Mayor

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of Boston, but sometimes by a distinguished visitor. Some years ago, they were distributed by the Hon. Mr. Bayard, the United States Ambassador to England. This day is the gala-day of the school, and corresponds to our Prize Declamation Day. The old school presents a charming appearance on this occasion, as the boys have it decorated with flags, flowers, and bunting.

The school ceremony next in importance to the Annual Speech Day, is that known as the Proclamation of the Mart. This takes place on the tenth of December in the school-yard, because that was the site of the old Mart Yard. On this occasion, the Town Crier, supported by the Mayor and members of the corporation, makes a proclamation respecting the opening of the Mart; among other things prohibiting the wearing of weapons on the street. The ceremony concludes with three cheers for the reigning sovereign; and a half-holiday is given the boys in honor of the occasion.

The earliest school sport, of which there is record, was called "barring out the master." This was a very common sport, two or three generations ago; indeed, it was of so frequent recurrence that it became necessary to have the door constructed to lock only on the outside.

This seems to be a queer sort of sport; but it must be remembered that school, in those days, began at six o'clock in the morning, lasting till eight without fires in winter. There were two more sessions, one from nine to twelve a. m., and the other from two to five p. m. It is not supposed that they had home-lessons at that time.

Their present sports correspond very well with ours. In place of American base-ball, they have cricket; a game

which is far less exciting, however.

Bathing is very popular during the hot weather, and at the end of the summer they generally have swimming contests.

They play association foot-ball, or "soccer," which differs from our foot-ball mostly in the fact that the ball may not be handled. Our foot-ball corresponds more to their rugby, or "rugger."

The district around the school is very favorable for skating, and consequently this sport is popular.

Fives, a game little known here, is played very much there. It was originally called hand-tennis. It is played with five on each side, whence it derives its name. They do not play exactly the regulation game, for they use tennis-rackets instead of the hands. The game reminds me of our hand-ball. The school has a fives-court in the yard.

Then, they have paper-chase, or, as it is more commonly called here, hare-and-hounds.

The old-fashioned game of rounders, like fives, only played with a foot-ball, is occasionally engaged in.

Marbles is indulged in a little by the smaller boys.

The school uses the Town Cricket Grounds for foot-ball and cricket.

Participation in school sports is compulsory for all boys, unless their parents request exemption from the Head-master, are required to take part in the School Games. These games are under the personal direction of the masters.

Numerous prizes are given by the school, principal of which is the Parry Gold Medal; given, I believe, by examination.

Then, there are prizes in Latin, French, English, Science and Mathematics, all by examination.

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Grade prizes are given by examination, and also on the year's work.

Punctuality prizes are given to boys who have not been absent or tardy during the entire year.

There are swimming prizes (given by His Worship, the Mayor of Boston)—two in each class:—

- I. For boys over fourteen.
- II. For boys between twelve and fourteen.
- III. For boys under twelve.
- IV. For object diving.

There are also Old Boys' prizes in cricket: a bat for the best batting average, a bat for the best bowling average.

There are two exhibitions of 40 l. each, tenable at Oxford, Cambridge or Durham.

There are a number of free scholarships in the school, open to boys from the primary schools of Boston.

The governors of the school are a body called "The Charity Trustees," who have also the administration of the other charities of the town. The Bishop of London is "visitor," an ornamental title only.

The masters of the school are appointed by the Charity Trustees, and are, I believe, required to be members of the Established Church of England.

At first, there was but one master, and his salary was 20 l. a year, raised by successive allowances to 100 l. In 1837, the salary was raised to 140 l., but the master had to pay 40 l. a year rent for a dwelling house. In 1850, the master received 200 l. a year and rent free.

The teaching staff of the school now consists of a Head-master, a Second master and six Assistant Masters.

The school has its own song, "Floreat Bostonia," written in Latin, the author of which, Mr. G. E. Pattenden, was a former Head-master of the school.

The records of the corporation contain many entries of matters concerning the school, among which are the following:—

"In 1578, it was agreed 'that a Dictionary shall be bought for the Scollers of

the Free Scoole; and the same boke to be *tyed in a cheyne*, and set upon a deske in the scoole, whereunto any scoller may have accesse as occasion shall serve.' In 1590, 'convenient seats for the school-master and the scholars to be placed in the church.' In 1601, the Corporation purchased two dictionaries, one Greek, the other Latin, for the school. The school-master to keep the same for the use of the scholars. In 1640, the school is said to stand in the Hallragth, with twenty-four shops, the Grey Friars' land, north, the Hallgarth Manor-house, east, and the High Street, west. In 1642, the master had a house of 4 l. per annum, rent free. In 1662, the master received the following books for the use of the school: 'A Calepinus Dictionary, Holyoock's English Dictionary, large quarto, Homer's Iliad, and Tully's Six Orations.' In 1680, the Grammar School and twenty-five shops are mentioned as being in the Mart Yard. In 1681, Mr. Edmund Boulter, citizen of London, presented the school with the following books: 'Scapula's Lexicon, Cooper's Phrases, Erasmus' Adagies, Goldman's Dictionary, Coxford's Epithets in Introduction to the Grammar, Serevelius' Lexicon, Greek and Latin. In 1707, the Chamberlain was directed to provide a large Bible for the use of the school."

At the Oxford Local Examinations, for many years past, it has been seldom that the name of a boy from this school has failed to appear among the names near the top of the list; and on more than one or two occasions, the actual first place in the examination has been taken by a Boston Grammar School boy. This shows not only the excellence of the work done at the school, but also, the excellence of the material that it is done on.

Such is the school from which the Rev. John Cotton and his companions derived their inspiration for the educational system of America. In this old school many a resident of new Boston might trace the names of his ancestors.

JAMES JOSEPH MCGINLEY, '09.

Latin School Register

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|-------------------|-------|----------------------------|
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Published by the STUDENTS OF THE BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL, Warren Avenue, Boston, Mass.

Entered at the Boston Post Office as second-class matter.

With this number we bring the twenty-eighth volume of the LATIN SCHOOL REGISTER to a close and now for the last time the present staff take up the pen before they yield it to their successors of 1910.

The editors this year have labored under unusually difficult circumstances. We employed a new printer at the beginning of the year, expecting to better the paper, but the change proved very unsatisfactory. In February, the building occupied by our printer was burned down, and we were forced to change again

Perhaps, therefore, our volume will not bear comparison with its predecessors, which have won so well deserved success, but whatever its defects, we beg the school to believe that they are not due to negligence or lack of interest on the part of the editors. Whether the REGISTER has had any good points to counterbalance its defects is not for us to say. We must leave that to the school.

But whatever is to be our sentence, it matters little now. "Let the dead past bury its dead." It is for you fellows in the school to make the REGISTER of the future still "better, bigger and busier," whether you attain a position on the staff or not—and to profit both by the failures and the successes of the past. We, though no longer on the staff, shall always take a friendly interest in the paper, and while our power of usefulness will be rather curtailed, we shall always be glad to help the paper in any way that we can.

The REGISTER has received good literary support from the school this year. One of the extremely welcome features has been the increase of verse. This is always a pleasing addition to a school paper and we encourage everybody to try to write more. The REGISTER has also received more essays and articles than usual. One of the great faults that we have to find with the school has been that in spite of appealing again and again,

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the school at large has furnished us practically no material for school notes. This department has been only recently added and was considered by all to be a most welcome addition.

Another thing that we would like to speak about is the advertisements. Without them it is absolutely impossible to run a school paper; the subscriptions pay for only a very small fraction of the total expenses of the year. If every fellow would use his influence with his father or with his friends to secure an advertisement for the REGISTER, a great deal of worry, anxiety, and hard work would be taken from the business manager,—and indeed from the whole staff. The paper could be greatly enlarged and bettered in every respect, and the fellows themselves would be the gainers.

We finish by presenting the staff for 1909-1910. We of 1908-1909 heartily congratulate them and wish them success in their attempt to make the twenty-ninth volume of the REGISTER the best the Latin School has ever seen. The staff is as follows:

Robert Gardiner Wilson, Jr., editor-in-chief.

William Arthur Perrins, Jr., business manager.

Bernard Cohen, Christopher Augustus Connor, Aleph Edgar Clarence Oliver, Thomas Joseph McDonough, Albert Gaylord Willey, Arthur James Mannix, associate editors.

Two assistants from the class of 1911 to be appointed in October.

The members of the First and Second classes are now about to take their college entrance examinations. During these last few days a final hurried review will be taken and all the weak places will be bolstered up. Except for

these last finishing touches our work is practically all through but for these examinations. These are of the utmost importance to Latin School fellows. In the first place it is absolutely impossible to get into the college selected by most of our fellows—Harvard—without passing these examinations. Further than this they are of especial importance to Second Class fellows because it shows both them and the school where they stand in regard to their studies; for if the college accepts a boy, the end toward which the work of the school aims has been accomplished, and the school must surely accept him.

The members of the First Class who have already passed through the ordeal of one set of examinations look forward to their "finals" with little anxiety; but for the fellows of the Second Class who will take the examinations for the first time, there is great danger of falling off, either on account of some accident, of over-confidence, of natural excitement attending any important examination or of the newness of the surroundings. For such as these it would not be out of the way to say a few words concerning the examinations, and we could not do better than to quote from a similar article which appeared not long ago in the REGISTER.

"All know, of course, that blank-books are furnished in which to write, and that no boy is permitted to bring papers or books into the examination room. All such must be left at the desk on entering. No communication is permitted. Tardiness is fatal, for it is almost always punished by exclusion from the room. Neatness is to be desired above all things, for when the reader, tired, hot, and cross, comes across a book with every-

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thing clean, distinct, and legible, he is involuntarily prejudiced in the writer's favor, and it is our interest to take advantage of all such little things.

"Both your *name* and *number* should be written on all blank-books. Remember, too, to put down the full name of the subject, as "Elementary French," "Elementary Algebra," "Advanced Greek," and thus avoid any chance of error.

"Above all, keep cool while in the examination room. More grades have been lost by excitement than by any other one thing. If you do not know the answer to a question skip it for the moment and return later. Read over every sight passage at least three times before you put a word on the paper, and, if you find the answers easy, let that arouse your suspicions, and exert yourself to find some hidden trap which you have failed to see. Do not try to hurry through any examination; the time allotted is none too long to do really first-class work. If by chance you do finish early, do not leave your seat, but go over your work again carefully, for the book of any one leaving early is always carefully noted and marked proportionally. Over-confidence and lack of confidence are the two things to be avoided; conquer these, and the examination may be considered passed."

This is advice offered by fellows who have been through it all once and so it need not be doubted. Let every one remember to be neat, cool, fairly confident, and right on time, and he need have no fear of the outcome of the "exam."

The examinations for Harvard, held at Sever Hall, which Latin School fellows take are held as follows:

MONDAY, JUNE 28.

- 9-10. Elementary Physics (Final).
- 11.30-1. Elementary Algebra (Preliminary).
- 2-4.30. Geometry (Plane and Solid) (Final).

TUESDAY, JUNE 29.

- 8.30-10.30 Elementary English (Final).
- 3-6: Elementary and Advanced Latin (Preliminary and Final).

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.

- 8-9.30. Elementary History (Preliminary).
- 9.45-11.15. Elementary French (Preliminary).
- 11.30-1.30. Advanced French (Final).
- 3-6. Elementary and Advanced Greek (Preliminary and Final).

Next year will find many of us in college. Perhaps the greatest thing to be emphasized is the importance of "getting in" to things in college—of entering into the inner life of the institution. There are plenty of ways to do this;—one way try for the various athletic teams, the musical organizations, the college papers, any one of the many phases of life which the modern American college display. Every fellow is urged to identify himself with some form of college life. It has been said by some that we of the Latin School never really amount to anything in college; that we devote ourselves to our books with really too much attention, and that very few Latin School fellows ever become really "big" men in college. Now this is not a complaint against studying. Our books should of course come first but there is no need of making them the all-absorbing topic of our college lives. There are surely enough

directions in which to apply oneself so that each may best exercise his individual talents, and nothing is more beneficial to one than "getting in" to this

outside work. He learns of college and class spirit and gets far more out of his four years. Let the class of 1909 take this to heart.

ONE ON JOHN HENRY.

John Henry Jones was a nuisance, if ever there was one. He was forever prying and poking into things. It was "John Henry, come out from that closet," or, "John Henry, stop your rooting in the pantry," from morning to night. Poor Mrs. Jones was at her wit's end trying to find hiding places for her cake and pastry. As for prunes and raisins, and the like, John Henry would think nothing of filling his pockets with them in order that he might share the fellows. Indeed, as Mrs. Jones often remarked, "He would try the patience of Job, himself."

Now, John Henry's sister, Sue, true to her sex, was very careful about her appearance. She was continually purchasing some new lotion or facial cream. John Henry's curiosity was very often excited by these strange looking jars and bottles and he would have liked nothing better than to try them on his face. Sue, however, fully aware of John Henry's propensity for examining things, kept her "aids to be beauty" locked up in her dresser. But all good things come to him who waits, and it proved true in this case.

One day, in passing his sister's room, John Henry saw her place a jar on the corner of her mantel. Here was his chance. He'd wait till bedtime, and then smear his face with this precious ointment, for, as Sue used to remark, "these

creams should be put on at night, that they might have a chance to work into the pores."

That night, after his mother had tucked him into bed, put out the light, and kissed him good-night, John Henry sneaked into his sister's room to get the much-coveted cream. It was dark, but he easily found his way to the jar. Digging his fingers into the cream, he soon had his face and hands completely covered with it. He put on a good supply, for it would be a long time before he'd get another chance like this. How cooling it felt! It was no wonder that sister Sue liked it!

The next morning, on going upstairs to call John Henry, Mrs. Jones was horrified to see black finger-marks on the white paint. These marks led from Sue's door to John Henry's. "Sakes alive," said Mrs. Jones, "what's this?" She soon found out, however, for there on the bed, with his arms stretched out on the one-time clean, but now dirty counterpane, lay John Henry, a virtual pickaninny.

Instead of a jar of Sue's facial cream, it was a jar of her shoe paste, that he had got hold of. It took some very tedious and, on John Henry's part, tearful hours of scrubbing to get the black off; but for the time being it ended John Henry's curiosity.

J. J. M., '09.



CHARLES JAMES CAPEN.

CHARLES JAMES CAPEN.

On the opposite page is a picture of Charles J. Capen, the grand old man of the Latin School. He has taught for sixty-five years, and for the last fifty-seven years has been a master in our school.

Mr. Capen was born April 5, 1823. He attended the Hawes Grammar School in South Boston, where his father was the first teacher. He left there in 1836, obtaining a Franklin medal. From 1836 to 1840 he was at the Boston Latin School under Espes Sargent Dixwell and Francis Gardner, completing the five years course in four years. He entered Harvard in 1840, and graduated in 1844, in the same class as Francis Parkman, the historian, George L. Parkman, who recently bequeathed several millions to the city for improving the parks; Benjamin A. Gould, the astronomer, and George S. Hale, and Philip H. Sears, noted lawyers.

For eight years after leaving college he taught a grammar school in Dedham, and then became master of a private preparatory school. In 1850, at the request of the town he established the Dedham High School, and taught there until 1852, when he was called by Master Gardner to the Latin School.

Since then, Mr. Capen has taught in our school for fifty-seven years without the slightest break. He has not missed a single minute from his duties on account of sickness or other disability, nor has he ever been late except on rare occasions when the roads from Dedham were impassable. On more than one occasion he has walked in to school, because he could procure no conveyance.

Mr. Capen's favorite diversion has been training boys for the declamations. On one occasion he worked for fifteen hours with a boy over a difficult piece. His musical ability is well known to all of us. Every year since Washington's Birthday exercises were introduced, Mr. Capen has played a selection of national airs. Strange to say, he never took a music lesson. His talent is entirely inborn or self-acquired. At the age of sixteen he played the organ for a choir in South Boston.

In spite of his age, Mr. Capen's intellectual faculties are as strong as ever, and his capacity for work is in no wise diminished. It will indeed be a sad day for the school when it loses its senior master, and we hope that that day is far distant.

MR. RICHARDSON'S ADDRESS.

On Friday, May 28, the usual Memorial Day exercises were held. Mr. Richardson spoke to us about some of his experiences in the battle of the Wilderness. His closing words were as follows:

"Let us turn now a moment from the duties of the past to those of the present and the future. In the days of my youth the country needed brave and true soldiers. Her need of brave and true citizens is not one whit less imper-

ative to-day. Amid all the seething questions that press for solution, there is as loud a call for deep thinking and high acting as ever there was.

"God gives every generation some great principle to settle. The progress of mankind toward perfect liberty is like the ascent of some high mountain. You toil laboriously up steep after steep, and at length you imagine that when you reach the top of this one, you will be at the summit; but then you find that you have climbed only a foot-hill after all. The peak you have sought still towers and beckons far beyond

'Was freedom made sovereign indeed,
When the old bell pealed to the world,
That the reign of oppression was done,
And the banner of freedom unfurled?
No, the conflict has raged since the
world was new.

The battle is on, and God calleth for
you.'

"Beyond a doubt there are sitting within these four walls to-day future pleaders and judges in our courts; ed-

itors of our newspaper; preachers in our pulpits; legislators who will frame our laws; mayors who will preside over our cities; possibly, as there have been in the past, governors who will direct our affairs of state. Certain it is that thirty years from now when my work will all be done and I shall be at rest, you and your fellow pupils in the other schools of this republic, will hold the destinies of our country in your hands, and you will be in the thick of the fight.

"Whether that contest shall be one of tongue, or pen, or sword, do you quit yourselves as men; and that you may so quit yourselves, please keep ever in mind these three suggestions, with which I will close this address:—

"'Think truly and thy thoughts shall
the world's great famine feed.

Speak truly and thine every word shall
be a fruitful seed.

Act truly and thy life shall be a great
and noble creed.'

These are words which all of us will
do well to treasure up.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

It is a great shock to us to learn, just as this month's REGISTER goes to press, that Edward Everett Hale is dead. His death will be mourned by everyone, for he has endeared himself not only to Boston and New England but to the whole nation. We are told that his health has been failing since the beginning of the year, but he has been so active, in spite of his eighty-seven years, that it is hard to realize that he is no longer living.

Edward Everett Hale was sent to the Boston Latin School when he was nine

years old. As he had already had some instruction in Latin he was advanced one class shortly after entering. He was graduated from the Latin School in 1835, and immediately entered Harvard, whence he graduated in 1839.

After graduating from Harvard, Dr. Hale served as usher at the Latin School. He remained here only two years, for he had decided that the ministry should be his vocation. It would be useless for us to attempt to tell the story of his life. He is well known to

all of us as a pastor, an author, a public-spirited citizen, and a noble man.

Dr. Hale has always taken a lively interest in the Latin School and has felt

great pride in its antiquity and fame. For several years he has been president of the Latin School Association.



On Friday, May 28, was held the annual parade and Field Day of the Boston School Cadets. The weather was threatening the whole day, but it did not actually rain and things went all right. Most of the streets along the course of the parade were so thick with mud that before the close of the day the white duck trousers were far from being white.

On the whole in spite of the poor weather conditions the parade was a great success. Everything went smoothly along the course, and the parade itself was one of the best ever seen in Boston, but unfortunately this could not be said of the review on the Common.

The Second Regiment held the centre, with the Fifth and First Regiments on its right and the Fourth and Third on its left. Colonel Pottinger, Fifth Regiment, W. R. H. S., had command

of the brigade as far as Park Square, where he was succeeded by Colonel Dimick, First Regiment, E. H. S., who had command as far as Summer Street. From Summer street to Broad street, Colonel Murry, Second Regiment, B. L. S., was brigade commander. From Broad street to the Common, Colonel Marksville, Third Regiment, E. H. S., held command and on the Common Colonel McIntosh, Fourth Regiment, D. H. S., took charge of the organization.

On the Common the usual lunch was served, after which the brigade was reviewed by the School Committee. It then marched by in a column of companies in review.

Along the course we had the honor of being reviewed by the grandson of General Ulysses S. Grant, who was the guest of Dr. Harrington, director of school hygiene.



FOR THE HONOR OF THE SCHOOL.

"Willard! Willard! Willard! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah; 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Willard! Willard! Willard!"

Such was the long ringing cheer which reverberated through the field as Willard Academy's nine trotted onto the field, a long line of green stockinged warriors headed by Pope, the captain and first baseman.

Almost simultaneously the team of Willard's rival, *Somes*, became visible and the sharp, quick yell of her rooters rent the air amidst the frantic waving of crimson banners.

After a few moments spent by both teams in warming up the players of *Somes* leisurely walked out to their positions in the field. The umpire tossed out a new white ball, which went the circuit of the diamond half a dozen times and then came back to the pitcher. The umpire cried, "Play ball!" The pitcher doubled himself up, his arm shot out, the ball sped across the plate, and the great game was on.

And what a game! It will forever be written in the annals of school baseball.

Willard was first at bat. Sitting on her bench was a short, stocky, light-haired fellow named Fletcher. He was working his way through school and so did not have as much time for athletics as most boys, nor indeed as much as he really wanted. Nevertheless, this year he had tried for the baseball team. He really was a good player and so he managed to make centre field.

Early in the baseball season a rich man in the neighborhood, interested in athletics, after consulting with the principals of the schools had offered a hundred-

dollar scholarship to the player of the five schools in the vicinity who had the highest fielding average at the end of the season. Upon the announcement of this prize Fletcher had set his heart on getting it, although hardly hoping for such luck.

This scholarship would mean so much for him. It would mean that he would not need to work during the summer, but could spend his time for his sick mother and much needed studying. It would mean really everything to him.

All through the season he had played his best. Now on the eve of this last game he was tied with the first baseman of the *Somes* school. This game would probably decide the winner of the scholarship. But besides determining the award of this prize, this final game also was going to settle the winner of the league banner, for each of these two rivals had won the same number of games. So this last game of the season between Willard and *Somes* was doubly important.

From the first the contest was a battle royal. For three innings not a soul reached first base on either side—they either struck out or hit short infield grounders and flies. Everyone played like a veteran, the fellows on both teams placing full confidence in their respective pitchers.—Ring for the green and Hart for *Somes*.

Again in the fourth not one of Willard's men got as far as first; but for the crimson West, captain and short stop, managed to get a single. He stole second with a head-long slide. But his chance to score was lost when the next

two batters—Altman, centre fielder, and Corbin, first baseman,—gave way to Ring's curves and fanned.

In the next inning Young, the green's right fielder, following the coach's directions, succeeded in getting hit. When Fletcher knocked a single just over the right fielder's head it surely looked good for Willard. The green stands were hilarious; but they were doomed to bitter disappointment, for the next three men went down before Hart.

The pitchers, who had just begun to show the strain a little, steadied down after this and the men went down before them like ten pins.

At last came that seventh inning! Hardly an error had yet been made and the score still stood with nothing on either side. The time had come, however, when games are won or lost by just a single misplay, a single hit, a single run. Ring was the first man up and he succeeded in getting a base on balls. He was the fastest man on the team and so stole second with a fine slide.

While the stands were roaring at Ring and the cheer leaders were dancing around like crazy men, Danforth, the third baseman, stepped forward and tried his best to send him in. But that best after two strikes was a weak fly to the second baseman who easily smothered it. Palmer, the green's second baseman, did no better nor, indeed, did Pope, the captain, his successor, and so Willard took the field.

The strain was telling on everyone. The first ball pitched was hit sharply toward third. Danforth troubled by his failure at bat fumbled it, and then threw poorly; the runner was safe.

The pitcher wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Ball one!"

"Strike one!"

"Ball two!"

"Ball three!"

"Ball four!" and the batter gleefully trotted to first.

There were two men on bases. And the next ball went wild!

The catcher half stopped it with his bare hand, but lost it again. When he had recovered it there were men on second and third. There were none out and a hit would bring in two runs!

The catcher walked forward a little way to meet Ring and handed him the ball.

"It's the seventh inning, old boy," he whispered. "Here's where we make or break. Buck up, Ringy; we're all with you. After the seventh they're easy."

This was what Ring needed. As he pitched the next ball he felt a returning confidence that surprised him.

The next three batters were struck out in succession. Cheer upon cheer rose as each strike was called by the umpire. The storm of cheering broke and rose and broke again. It kept on when Young ran out to the plate, bat in hand. It was deafening when he hit the first ball of Hart's savagely to left field. It howled across the field when he reached second by a perfect slide. When Fletcher drove a long single to deep right and Young scored, it became a screeching delirium. At last, however, it all came to a close with the score 1 to 0 in favor of Willard.

Neither side passed first base until the last of the ninth when *Somes* came in from the field with the determination to do or die written on every face. And it seemed as if they were to succeed, too. The first man managed to get hit in the leg. This so depressed

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Ring that he sent four balls over in succession. With two men on bases the next man hit a grounder to short stop who fumbled it, and the bases were full with none out and the head of the crimson's batting list up!

The very first ball pitched was smashed by West. On and up it went. On and up. Out in centre field Fletcher was moving back a little.

The ball never seemed to start down and Fletcher had plenty of time to think. If he caught it the man on third and maybe the one on second would score. The game would be tied anyway—probably lost for Willard. But then he would win the scholarship and all which that meant for him. Now if he dropped the ball he could quickly slam it in to second and probably get triple play. Willard would have the championship. But then he would lose the scholarship. Oh, he could never do that! When he had almost got it he could never give it up. But *Somes* would win—Oh, what should he do? Would he drop it or would he catch it?

Thus went his thoughts in much less time than it takes to tell them. The ball swiftly was drawing nearer. He had at last decided to give up winning the scholarship. He could not see the school lose, especially through his playing. He must drop the ball. As it drew near he suddenly put forth his hands so that the ball slipped through them. As it fell to the ground he swiftly picked it up and with all his might threw it to *Palmer* at second base. The runners, thinking that Fletcher would surely catch the ball, had hugged their bases, waiting to start as soon as the centre-fielder got his hands on it. So they were totally unprepared for the new run of things. *Palmer* threw the ball home like lightning in plenty of

time to get the runner from third. The catcher slammed it to *Danforth* who received it just in time to catch his man there.

It was all done in the twinkling of an eye; but the game was won and Willard had the championship.

As the last man was thrown out at third the stands rose in a mighty roar of "Fletcher! Fletcher! Fletcher! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Fletcher! Fletcher! Fletcher!"

* * * * *

Three days later as our hero was hurrying about in his room packing up, a friend brought up a letter from the office. Ever since the game he had been thinking of the lost scholarship. He had done his duty, he thought, and—Oh, well,—As he opened the letter he saw that it was from the donor of the prize. He wondered why he should be writing. This is what he read:—

"As you know, my prize scholarship was lawfully due to *Corbin of Somes*. When I notified him that he was the winner, he quickly came to see me. He said that of course you had dropped that ball in the *Willard-Somes* game on purpose because of your loyalty to your school. He also said that he would never feel right about taking it and when I said it was rightfully his he absolutely refused to accept the prize. So now, because of his great sportsmanlikeness, I take exceedingly great pleasure in awarding my hundred-dollar scholarship to you to continue your study at *Willard*. I was at that great game and consider that I have great honor in awarding this small thing to such a clear-headed, sportsmanlike boy and to one who is so loyal to his school that he places that school even above his own self."

PRIZE DECLAMATION.

Prize Declamation is undoubtedly the greatest of our great days, and the recent one was one of the most interesting that we have attended. As usual the hall was filled by the friends and relatives of the declaimers and prospective prize winners. The declamations themselves were of unusual excellence. The last two were original, and since the last speaker was judged winner of the first declamation prize, he obtains a Derby medal.

The list of judges, with a translation of the Latin on the fourth page of the program is as follows:

To-day there will act as Judges these illustrious men who, all of them, have called the school a mother.

A citizen, incorruptible and sound, a deeply loved man,

JOHN LEWIS BATES,

who, after deserving well of the State, is still distinguished in honors.

A very earnest investigator of antiquity,

HENRY WILLIAMSON HAYNES,

who out from the shadows has brought many great things into the sunlight.

The very efficient head master of a flourishing school,

JOHN FRANCIS CASEY,

under whose leadership the boys are continually urged on toward the loftiest things.

A professor most highly taught in Metallurgy, whose name is written among those of the French Legion of Honor,

HENRY MARION HOWE,

whose commentaries by their weight of authority have conquered Gaul; for this one also belongs to the Julian race. (Prof. Howe is a son of Mrs. Julia Ward Howe).

A man born of noble race,

ROBERT G. SHAW,

whose very name signifies that it is sweet and comely to die for one's country.

A physician, distinguished in his art,

CHARLES M. GREEN,

who used to furnish to this school whatever he had that was best, and continues to do so.

An artist decked with praises,

WILLIAM H. W. BICKNELL,

who, in order that Fame might the more quickly publish his name and art, applied to the sluggish goddess, his needle. (Mr. Bicknell is a well-known etcher).

A clergyman to be revered, and a most faithful one,

PAUL REVERE FROTHINGHAM,

who, after the lights of the church have been lighted, rouses all men from their sleep to put the enemy down.

A professor versed in Neuropathology,

ELMER R. SOUTHARD,

who, while a man well and strong, considers nothing that is human foreign to him.

An advocate practised in the law,

JAMES W. SPRING,

who, for the school's sake, is accustomed to exert himself in great labors.

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A son of that great supervisor, still held in **retentive memory**,

SIDNEY PETERSON,

who gives himself up entirely to studying the nature of things.

An advocate schooled in the law,

FREDERICK G. BAUER,

a young man in whom older men have perfect confidence.

The declaimers spoke in the following order:

1. William Armstrong Mudgett, "The New South." *Grady.*
2. Sidney Newton Morse, "Loss of National Character." *Marcy.*
3. Francis Henry Andrew, "Cut Off From the People." *Caine.*
4. Gordon Mackey Morrison, "The Honor of the Woods." *Murray.*
5. Wilfred Frederick Kelley, "Fort Wagner." *Dickinson.*
6. Francis Gerod Montague, "The Nation's Duty to Slavery." *Beecher.*
7. John Vaccaro, "The Revolutionary Rising." *Read.*
8. Reginald Alex. Cutting, "Howe's Masquerade." *Hawthorne.*
9. Arthur James Mannix, "Wolsey to Cromwell." *Shakespeare.*
10. Lawrence Otto Schwab, from "Julius Cæsar." *Shakespeare.*
11. Albert Francis Hennessey, "Matches and Overmatches." *Webster.*
12. Coleman Silbert, "The Gold Louis." *Hugo.*
13. Hugo Lyle Stalker, Junior, "The Inmate of the Dungeon." *Morrow.*
14. Harvard Norton, "If I were in Thy Place." *Original.*
15. Isadore Alfred Wyner, "Our Latin School Training." *Original.*

The declamation prizes were awarded by Mr. Bates as follows:

First prize, Isadore Alfred Wyner of Class I.; second prize, Hugh Lyle Stalker, of Class II.; third prize, Harvard Norton, of Class I.; special prize for Classes III. and IV., John Vaccaro, of Class IV.; special prize for Classes V. and VI., William Armstrong Mudgett, of Class V.

After the declamation, Mr. Fiske read the following list of prizes for good work during the year:

I. FOR EXCELLENCE IN CLASSICS:

George Hussey Gifford, Coleman Silbert, Frederick Theodore Henry Wurl, Elmore Theodore Cohen, Frank Leo Reardon, Murray Frothingham Hall, Jeremiah Florence O'Neil, Ernest Roe-coe Caverly, Merrill Campbell Patten, Edward Wheeler Wilder, Henry Hoyt Carpenter, Ralph Francis Mannix, William Anthony Patrick Fitzgerald, George Aloysius Cummings, Joseph Herman Zimmerman, George Edward Lonergan, William Joseph Barrett, William Francis O'Donnell, Joseph Gerard Green, Emmanuel Nathan, Asa Burton Nelson.

II. FOR EXCELLENCE IN MODERN STUDIES:

Albert Taylor Nesmith, John Levy, Aleph Edgar Clarence Oliver, James Denvir Ryan, Louis Gordon, John Hallock Woodhull, Winchester Clifton Packard, Harold Artemus Packard, Joseph Robert Fleming, James Alexander Elliott, John Noyes Colby, Elliott Mansfield Grant, Michael Davitt Riordan, Arthur Joseph Brickley, Neil Lochland MacKinnon, Charles LeRoy Wigren, Newton Ewell Lincoln, Russell Hubbard White, Philip Edwin Hulburd,

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Frank Dillon Luddegren, John Robert Adams.

III. FOR EXCELLENCE IN READING:

First prize, James Joseph McGinley; second prize, Hugh Lyle Stalker, Jr.; third prize, William Bruno Kroetzsch, Jr.

IV. FOR GENERAL EXCELLENCE IN CONDUCT AND STUDIES:

Murray Frothingham Hall, Asa Burton Nelson, Elmore Theodore Cohen, Edward Wheeler Wilder, Ralph Francis Mannis, Harry Sumner Finkel, Marcus William Weiscopf, Winchester Clifton Packard, Emmanuel Nathan, Gerald Doherty, William Anthony Patrick Fitzgerald.

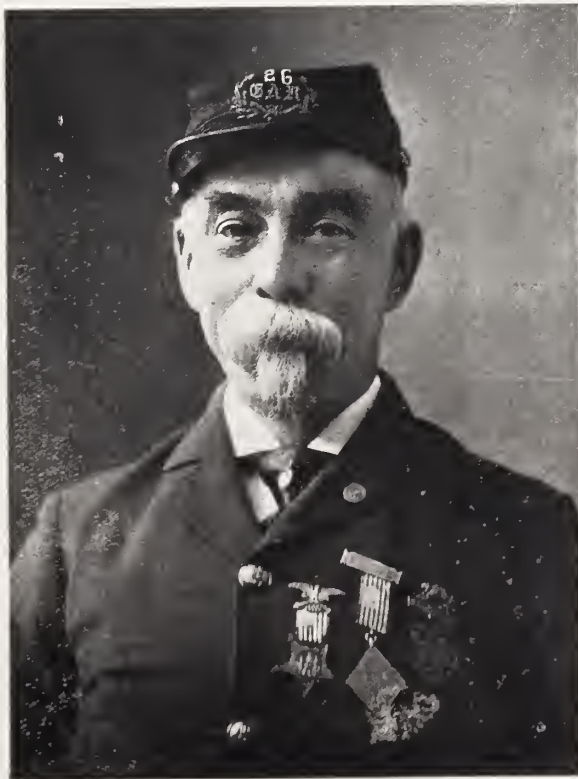
V. FOR EXEMPLARY CONDUCT AND FIDELITY:

Thomas James Brennan, Arthur Warren Hanson, John Fonerden Worcester, Jr., William Arthur Perrins, Jr., Robert Francis Foster, Ferdinand Shoninger Bloom, Jacob Beresofsky, Earl Davidson, John Stephen Walsh, Leo Francis Ready, Frederick James Gillis, Jerome Joseph Sullivan, Kingsley Eugene DeRosay, Arthur Albert Church, John Vaccaro, John Brendon Cullinane, Edward Francis McKay, Moses Liptzer, Edward Eugene Devlin, Jr., Walter Bailey Chaffin Washburn, Frederick Fried.

VI.

- (1) For an English Poem: Hyde Buxton Merrick.
- (2) For an English Essay: No award.

(Continued on page thirty-eight.)



"CAP"

IF I WERE IN THY PLACE.

ORIGINAL DECLAMATION, JUNE, 1909.

Aha! the trap is sprung, and now I'll
find
The thief that's stealing chickens from
the roost!
What sneaking prowler of the night is
caught?
Perhaps a skunk or weasel it will be.
There is a sudden movement in the
grass.
The chain draws taut. A glimpse of
yellow fur!
Perhaps I've caught—I have—It is a
fox!
Thou art the thief, I've caught thee fair
and fast.
A sly old rogue art thou, and seldom
seen,
Though often has thy bark been heard
at dusk.
Why did'st thy hunger lead thee to this
spot?
Could not the teeming forest yield thee
food?
The partridge or the rabbit is thy prey.
Such glossy fur as thine I never saw,
'Twould make a splendid trophy for
my den.
It is not red—though often such 'tis
called,
But golden yellow like the sun at dawn.
No sound betrays the pain that thou
must feel.
What other creature could such torture
bear?
Don't pull so at the chain and tear thy
wound,
Those deep sunk iron teeth are merciless.
Aha! here comes mother; what a great
surprise

When she sees this! "Well, here's your
chicken thief,
A fine big fox. You think he is in pain?
And bleeding too? Why, yes, I fear
he is.
What, bathe it? What's the use of
doing that?
I'm going to shoot him now, and end
his pain.
What, bathe it first? I think I read
your mind;
I'll do it, just to please you, if you say.
He might reward me with a vicious
snap.
I'll hold him with this mat, you bathe
his wound.
There, now I have him firm. Be gentle
there."
Thy little body trembles at each touch.
Thine eyes accuse me of a sorry deed.
I'm sure.
Poor little creature, art thou, after all.
A cruel fate it is that thou hast met.
I cannot bear to think how it would be
If I were in thy place, my little fox.
That cruel trap has held thy paw too
long,
And now I'll ease the spring and free
thy foot.
One moment thou shalt have without
such pain,
And then the gun; but no! 'tis useless
now.
I've done so much for thee, I must
do more.
'Twas not my plan to save thy little life,
'Twas she who planned and gives thee
thy release.

Hereafter elsewhere seek thy prey. Now
go!

One backward glance. That is enough
to show

That thou art grateful to us after all.
How fast thy limping gait doth measure
space.

The garden is between us; and once
more

The woods, thy home, my little fox,
are thine!

HARVARD NORTON, '09.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Herman S. Nelke, B. L. S. '07, who was business manager of the REGISTER in that year, and also won the first prize in declamation, visited the school recently. After a year in college he is studying at present in the Sargent School of Dramatic Art in New York.

At the speaking for the Boylston prizes for elocution, at Harvard, on May 13, one of the first prizes was awarded to Frederick Algernon Wilmot, an old Latin School declaimer.

Theodore Francis Jones, '02, had been appointed assistant in History at Harvard.

John B. Barrett, B. L. S. '06, of South Boston, has been appointed to a cadetship at the U. S. Revenue Cutter School at Baltimore. Mr. Barrett will attend the school for three years. When he graduates he receives the commission of third lieutenant in the revenue cutter service, which is equal to the commission of second lieutenant in the army. Out of the several hundred candidates who took the examination, Mr. Barrett was the only Boston boy appointed.

Brigham of last year's class is a member of the Harvard freshman debating team, which recently won from Yale.

EXCHANGES.

Grotonian, Holy Cross Purple, Tufts Weekly (8), Columbia Spectator (9), Pennsylvanian (11), Comus (2), Review, St. George's School, Racquet, Oracle (Bangor High), Commerce Caravel (2), Advance, Stylus (Boston College), Spinster, Holten, Trinity Tripod (8), Bulletin (Montclair High 2), Clarion (Marlboro High 2), Megaphone, Mascot, Imp, Sagamore, Emerson College Magazine (2), Welsyan Argus (3), Courier, Tuftonian (2), Argus (Harrisburg High), Pinkerton Critic, Student (2), Blue and Gray, Senior, Oracle Usonian (2), Distaff, Penn Charter Magazine, Vexillum, Aitchpe (2), Centurion (2), Sentinel (2), Radiator, Horace Mann Record, High School Record, Anvil, Artisan, Brown and White, Item (2), Argonaut, Dragon (Greenfield High), Sphinx, Red and Gray, Bowdoin Orient (3), Enterprise, Minute, Recorder, Academy Belle, High School Times, Taft Oracle, Mascot, Beacon, Stylus (Taunton High), Harvard Monthly, L. H. S. Quarterly.

In the recent tennis tournament between Harvard and Yale three of the four Harvard players were old Latin School men—Capt. Niles, ex-'07, Sweetser, '07, and Adams, '06.



BOSTON LATIN SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM, 1909.

ATHLETICS.

TRACK.

The out-door Inter-Class meet was held Tuesday, May 18, at the Charlesbank Gymnasium. The meet was a handicap affair, and so all the events were close and exciting. Capt. Connor was the star of the meet, winning four firsts.

THE SUMMARY:

100 yard dash: won by Connor; second, O'Callaghan; third, McDonald. Time, 10 4-5 sec.

440 yard dash: won by O'Callaghan; second, J. Sullivan; third, A. Evans. Time, 57 sec.

880 yard run: won by Murray; second, Ayer; third, R. McKenna. Time, 2 min, 12 2-5 sec.

One mile run: won by Cusick; second, Murray; third, Countie. Time, 5 min. 18 sec.

Shot put: won by Connor; second, Lucy; third, Ayer. Distance, 37 ft. 7 in.

Broad jump: won by Connor; second, O'Callaghan; third, McDonald. Distance, 19 ft. 10 in.

High jump: won by Hoyt; second,

Polley; third, Hanlon. Distance, 5 ft. 1 in.

BASEBALL.

B. L. S. 2.—D. H. S. 6.

On May 17, the Latin School nine lost the third game of the League to Dorchester H. S. 6-2. The game was an extremely poor contest, for the Dorchester players excelled our fellows in every part of the game. Fish played well for Latin School.

B. L. S. 4.—N. H. S. 5.

On May 31, Latin School again met defeat, this time at the hands of the fast Norwood High team. The game was close and exciting, McKenna twirling in a masterly manner, and with proper support from the infield, would have registered a victory.

With two more games remaining on the schedule, the baseball team has disbanded. Lack of interest combined with the unwillingness of many of the "star" players to report at practice are the main reasons for disbandment.

F. P. M., '10.

Lots of people
never worry about style,
Just buy

F O W N E S
G L O V E S

and hit it right.

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PRIZE DECLAMATION.

(Continued from page thirty-three.)

(3) For a translation from Horace: HONORABLE MENTION FOR CONSPICUOUS
James Joseph McGinley. RECORDS DURING THE ENTIRE COURSE:

VII. GARDNER PRIZE:

James Joseph McGinley.

VIII. DERBY MEDALS:

George Hussey Gifford, Isadore Al-
fred Wyner.

(1) Of perfection in attendance:
Thomas Coggeshall, 4 years.

(2) Of conduct above criticism:
Coleman Silbert, 4 years;
Arnold Noble Allen, 5 years;
Harvard Norton, 6 years.

ATHLETIC RECORDS.

INDOOR.

| | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------------|------|----------------|
| 30 Yards Dash | Kullberg, '05 | 1905 | 3 3-5 s. |
| 30 Yards Hurdles | Fisher, '04; Sweetser, '07 | 1907 | 4 s. |
| 300 Yards Run | Burns, '09 | 1906 | 39 3-5 s. |
| 600 Yards Run | Cowan, '06 | 1906 | 1 m. 29 s. |
| 1000 Yards Run | Lincoln, '06 | 1896 | 2 m. 32 2-5 s. |
| One Mile Run | Nay, '06 | 1906 | 5 m. 35 2-5 s. |
| Running High Jump | Sweetser, '07 | 1907 | 5 ft. 4 in. |
| Shot Put | Ryder, ex-'09 | 1907 | 39 ft., 6 in. |
| Pole Vault | Marion, '04 | 1904 | 8 ft., 2 in. |

OUTDOOR.

| | | | |
|-------------------|---------------|------|-----------------|
| 100 Yards Dash | Burns, '09 | 1906 | 20 ft., 4 in. |
| 220 Yards Dash | Connor, '09 | 1906 | 5 m., 12 2-5 s. |
| 220 Yards Hurdles | Kullberg, '05 | 1905 | 2 m., 13 2-5 s. |
| 440 Yards Run | Atkins, '05 | 1905 | 56 3-5 s. |
| 880 Yards Run | Regan, '05 | 1905 | 26 3-5 s. |
| One Mile Run | Stanton, '08 | 1909 | 24 2-5 s. |
| Broad Jump | Cowan, '09 | 1906 | 10 2-5 s. |

The Rev. Owen A. McGrath, C.S.P., who addressed the school on Class Day, has recently been assigned to missionary work in Texas.

In the dual meet held on May 22nd between the Harvard and Yale Freshmen, Stanton, '08, ran on the Yale team in the mile run.

Moore, '08, is playing the violin on the 'varsity orchestra at Yale.

In the dual meet recently held between Exeter and Andover Burns ex-'10, won second place in both the 100 yard and 220 yard dashes.

We have been unable to print some of the contributions which have been offered by members of school. Do not be discouraged if yours was not accepted. Many of them are very promising, and we are sure that next year or later their authors will do good work for the paper.

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